

Ant. He be thy Second.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet asperion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The vniion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are foundered,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariel*, my industrious seruāt *Ariel*. *Enter Ariel.*

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another trick: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?
Pro. I: with a twinke.
Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariel*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire it's blood: be more abstentious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heare
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolari,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perily. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetch'd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which sponge *Aprill*, at thy best betrimms;
To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome.
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge sterrile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose wary Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to citate
On the blest Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Diu*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marfes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Honour, ioyes, be still vpon you,

Iuno

Iuno sings her blessings on you,
Earth's increase, foyns, and plenty,
Barnes, and Garner, neuer empty,
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest, in the
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and cuer-harmelett looks,
Leaue your tripe channels, and on this Greene-Land
Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate Nymphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.
You Sun-burn'd Sickle-men of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with
the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
of, *Prospero* starts suddenly and speaks, after which to a
strange hollow and confused noise, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabrick of this vision
The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallacer,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Benot disturb'd with my infirmities,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. *Mir.* We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a t

Ar. Thy thought

Pro. Spirit: We

Ar. I my Comm

I thought to haue told

Least I might anger th

Pro. Say again, wh

Ar. I told you Sir,

So full of valour, that

For breathing in their

For kissing of their fee

Towards their proiect

At which like vnback'd

Aduanc'd their eye-lid

As they smelt musick;

That Calfe-like, they m

Tooth'd briars, sharpe

Which entred their fra

I'th' filthy mantled poe

There dancing vp to th

Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well

Thy shape inuifible ret

The trumpery in my ho

For stale to catch these

Pro. A Deuill, a bor

Nurture can neuer stick

Humanely taken; all; al

And, as with age, his b

So his minde cankers: I

Euen to roaring: Come

Enter Ariel, laden w

Caliban, *Stephano*.

Cal. Pray you tread s

not heare a foot fall: we

St. Monster, your Fai

Has done little better th

Trin. Monster, I do sn

My nose is in great indig

Ste. So is mine. Do

Take a displeasure again

Trin. Thou wert but

Cal. Good my Lord,

Be patient, for the prize

Shall hudwinke this mis

All's hush as midnight y

Trin. I, but to loose

Ste. There is not onely

Monster, but an infinite

Tr. That's more to me

Yet this is your harmlesse

Ste. I will fetch off my

Though I be o're eares f

Cal. Pre-thee (my Kin

This is the mouth o'th C

Do that good mischeefe,

Thine owne for euer, and

For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloo

Trin. O King *Stephano*,

Looke what a wardrobe

Cal. Let it alone thou

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster

frillery, O King *Stephan*